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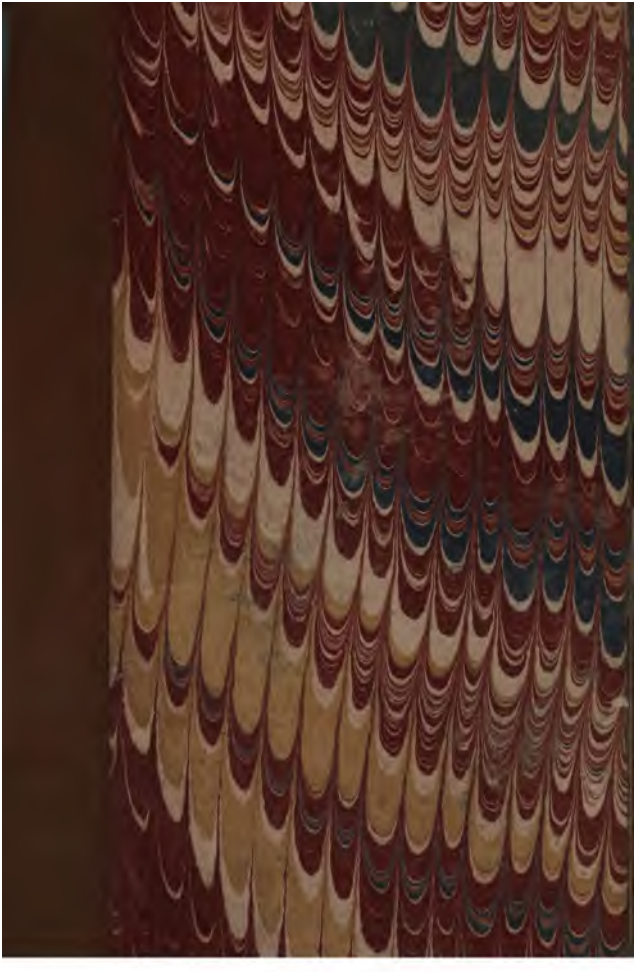

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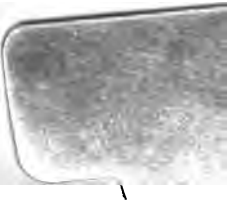

THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF

THE "HAWK" TRIBE.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

"The rich attorney of Russell Square was now the fine gentleman. might not be named in his presence: 'his clerks did all that.' He dev his time to the cultivation of costume, to rides in Rotten Row, and a *at the Opera.*"

THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF
THE "HAWK" TRIBE.

BY J. W. CARLETON.
ILLUSTRATED BY A. HENNING.

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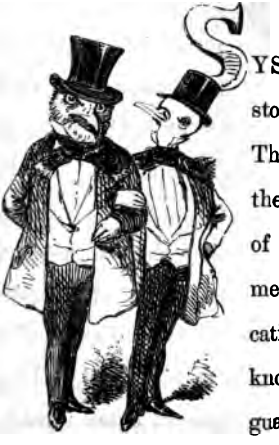
ARGUMENT.

" He had formerly imagined, but was now convinced, that the sons of men preyed on one another, and such was the end and condition of their being."

FERDINAND, COUNT FATHOM.

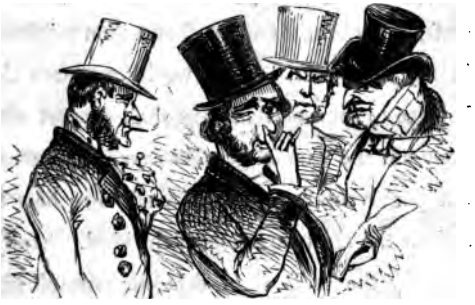


SYSTEM is the key-stone of knowledge. The arrangement of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet is the medium of communicating all that is made known by our language. This has been

said before, but it will bear repetition; as will the remark that systematic zoology is the A B C of natural history. Now, ornithology

is that branch of the science which treats of birds. Legions of naturalists have written upon it — some, as Linnæus, on the matter of fact; others, as Aristophanes, in the manner of fancy. But they have all omitted mention of certain varieties which differ in their habits altogether from the species to which they belong. Unlike any of the 5000 *genera* enumerated by

Latham, Pennant; and similar worthies, they are only to be met with in the haunts of mankind, and more especially in large communities. Two of these are of very distinct families: one being of the order *accipitres*—hawks—birds



of prey; and the other of the class *columbæ*—pigeons—birds for prey:—the former living chiefly upon the latter. It is our present

or social prey. Gentle reader
interpret for thy learning, the
new order in ornithology. Th
genus thou mayest haply encount
craft, as his brother of the fores
in thy wood-craft. True, we h
hope so to counsel, that thou sh
none but the "tarsel gentle" ov
but peradventure we shall teac
eschew the most rapacious of the
then, by the A B C of this ou
tory. Thou wilt find it in the
wherewith we note our "

these thy key—so shalt thou read aright: it may be to thy profit.

"Vade, vale: cave ne titubes mandataque frangas."

THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF
THE "HAWK" TRIBE.

PART THE FIRST.

VULTURES, OR ATTORNEYS.

"It appears to me that there is a hawk, or a lawyer, or a something or other, for everlastingly a-bothering a poor man."
SAM SLICK.

ONE essential difference between natural and moral zoology is, that as regards the former, we find its *materiel* precisely in the state it was thousands of years ago, while the latter undergoes as many metamorphoses as generations. Thus,

specimen bear to the variety o
species of which we are the natu
How does their pedant of parchn
disciple of Burns and Blackstone
judicial exclusive of May Fair,
common law *naso adunco*—bathes
cream, and scorns to point his ja
anything beneath the waltz *à*
Statutes at large!—as so justly ye
statutes at large, if not indeed l
not part of our present office to
philosophy or the policy of your frai
are we about to set lance in rest ag
live and have their being by rei
confusion worse confounded. Fo
are many who

apothecary of Mantua. Others shall broach even broader propositions, and yet escape whipping. We can hardly say even to the hero of the subjoined deduction that his premises are faulty.

"Qui Tam," exclaimed Cap
brother of the craft by the arm
out of Rolls Buildings into C
"Qui Tam, I have just heard o
Sunday with that O'Leary—th

and that the day can't be far off when you will be figuring as the lion of Norfolk Island."

"Oh! quite right," replied the other to his friend (it 's always a friend that informs one of pleasant things of the kind), "all right," and he smiled as an alligator might be supposed to do in a case of delicate diplomacy; "that was the reason I went. *I dined with him to be revenged upon his victuals.*"

With such as these we deal not; peradventure their necessity rather than their will consents: at least so let it be set down in charity. But your "*gentleman*," &c., &c., of that ilk, is a social scourge so terrible, that, in describing it, we may not only "nothing extenuate," but are

bound to specify all its properties, if indee they admit of human interpretation. H satire fallen into such poltroonery that it m venture to

"Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild?"

* * * * * * *

The most foul feature in the profession of t law is the necessity it imposes upon those w practise it to shuffle off the frank dealing whic is supposed to regulate the intercourse of oth social communions. Goldsmith has a fab that might have been written with an especi reference to the craft. "Guilt and Shame," l says, "according to the allegory, were at fir companions, and in the beginning of the journey inseparably kept together. But the union was soon found to be disagreeable both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasines and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiraci of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefor they at length consented to part for eve

Guilt boldly walked forward alone to overtake Fate, but Shame turned back to keep company with Virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind."

"How now, grim old moralist," cries Dainty-Lips, "thy vein savoureth, methinks, of ungraciousness—nay, smacketh even of prejudice." . . . . . .

Fair Madam or Sir, what is prejudice? Thomas Babington Macaulay answers. "How long does the incredulity with which I hear a new theory propounded continue to be a wise and salutary incredulity? What is slight evidence? What collection of facts is scanty? We think that it is impossible to lay down any precise rule for the performance of that part of the inductive process, which a great experimental philosopher performs in one way and an old woman in another."

"I fain would please you, if I knew with what:
Tell me which rogue is lawful game—which not?"

Thou art silent: again we demand of thee—"the attorney, surely *that* rogue is lawful?" echo replies, *lawful:* so, to our vulture.

Poor Robin says "it is better to be born to good luck than a large estate: he might have added, that by those who have neither one nor the other, and stand in need of a substitute, the practice of social phlebotomy may be conveniently adopted. There can be no second

opinion upon the subject: it is a palpable truism. No fact of savage or civilized life

stands out in such relief: one can't move about the world without knocking one's head against it.

Nevertheless we don't require of you to

take it upon our *ipse dixit*. We are not partial to your Sir Oracle style: it is generally impertinent—occasionally not quite logical. The other night, being desirous of a few hours' sound sleep, we had recourse to one of the literary periodicals before going to bed. The article that engaged our attention—and proved an admirable opiate—was on the geology of theology, or Jullien's concerts, or something of that kind. In it, the essayist, having run through the whole catalogue of the arts and sciences, settled to his own satisfaction—that Æsculapius would have made no more of the hydrophobia or blue cholera than an Irishman does of a broken head, and that it would have been the opprobium of Socrates to have invented the steam-engine.

That is his notion; ours is that modern philosophy has done more for mankind within the last quarter of a century than was dreamt of from the days of Plato to those of Julian. What faith is therefore to be placed in *ipse*

dixits? Our chapter sets out by classing the attorney in social zoology with the vulture of the naturalist. Instead, therefore, of requiring you to accept this arrangement on the authority of our mere assertion, we proceed to exemplify our system and establish our proposition.

"Pandarus Dogdraught, visibly to all persons, is the offal of creation; but he carries money in his purse, and it is believed will not steal spoons. The human species does not, with one voice, like the Hebrew psalmist, 'shun to sit' with Dogdraught: they forget the indefeasible right Satan has in him." Thomas Carlyle has here introduced the sire of our hero.

Nature is tolerably methodical in the order of her designs. So soon, therefore, as Hounslow and Finchley had ceased to minister to the wants of cadets of fortune, born to more ambition than means, she offers them an asylum elsewhere. She taught them to abandon the

business of the circuit for chamber practice; and the conveyancer of Bagshot Heath was transformed into the solicitor of Westminster Hall. As of yore, the vulgar thief gets the galleys for his pains, as the petti-fogger in the statutes still starves and swindles. Fail for £100, and woe betide thine appearance before the indignant Commissioners of Insolvency: become bankrupt for £100,000, and they receive you in Basinghall Street with as much observance as an ambassador at St. James's.

The house-steward of General —— neglected to pay over fifty shillings given to him by his

master for the discharge of a bill. He went to Bridewell for a couple of years, and had oakum-picking assigned for the amusement of his hours of retirement. The general's agent placed to the credit of his own private account with his banker £50,000 entrusted to him by his gallant employer for the purchase of an annuity. He went to Baden-Baden for the summer, and wintered at Naples, where his *cuisine* was said to be inferior to nothing except his cellar. Must we assist you to a deduction from these premises?

in luck, at the *Starve-in-tatte*
reputation of having seen s
linamuck Blazers. He was a
fact. His face was quarried w
he had but one eye, and one ε
credit; and a brogue that wou
pyramids. His abode in tha
town, indeed, was not of long
much as soon after his arrival i
he had become resident "on th
the water"—a polite way in wh
of a large establishment in S
the district they countenanc
sojourn in the Bench—it will
not well have been at any other
the

tween them, in consequence of the Irishman having once deposited in the water-butt a pugnacious tailor, who proposed christening the lawyer's

clerk under the pump. The youth bore the good action in his memory, not, you will do him the justice to believe, with a view to its requital, but because its agent might be turned to account at some future day, in a case of emergency.

Years wore on, as they are wont—rough and smooth. Old Dogdraught had gone to his kindred dust, and his son reigned in his stead. And Pandarus the Second had fallen in love—with £30,000 consols—which stood in the name of one Dorothea Dibbs. The latter he had encountered on the chain-pier at Brighton, the very day she had seen in the very same place Lieutenant Cavendish de Montmorenci of the Lancers—need the sequel be said?

We are once more in London, where our lawyer has arrived before us, at his house in Craven Street, Strand. The Fitzbumper is also in town—"out" by benefit of the Act.

Pandarus Dogdraught drew the bell which rang in the clerks' office.

"Dodge," he said to the gentleman that appeared to the summons, "Dodge, go to Great Turnstile and tell Captain O'Whiskey I wish him to call here immediately, as he may hear of something to his advantage." Dodge gave a

token of compliance through his nose, and departed He was the head of the common-law department. "There's a writ to be served upon one of the dangerous division," he thought within him, as he threaded the mazes of the Garden, "and the big fellow with his eye out is sure to do it—or swear that he did, which is the same thing." And as he mused, he drew forth from his coat-pocket certain oblong slips of parchment—meet commentary on his meditation.

It was evening, and the Irishman sat in consultation with the Cockney.

"Fitzbumper," said the latter, "I want to marry a girl that has £30,000 consols."

"And what should ail you, but you would?" asked his companion.

"Because she 's got a Lieutenant of Light Dragoons in her head," replied the lawyer. "I 've sent for you to know how that is to be got over."

"Get me a ticket for the Polish ball, and lend me twenty pounds," rejoined the man of ready resources; "that 's the way it 's to be got

over. The Dibbses are certain to be at the Polish ball."

It was a fancy ball. In the process of a polka, a giant in the uniform of the Ballinamuck Blazers hid the rowels of his spur in the shin of *Robert le Diable*. Being interrogated as to "whether he did it purposely?" with a reverence he stated that he did.

The morning following—a dreary, drizzly day-break—a graceful stripling stood dallying with one of Manton's *chef-d'œuvres* opposite a grim Cyclops, who glared at him like the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill. The gladiator grasped

a rusty old horse-pistol borrowed for the job from the widow of a defunct trooper, for a quartern of gin. In another moment this villanous tube had emancipated the spirit of one of England's chivalry. "What is honour?—A trim reckoning." . . . . . .

Mammon is the divinity of modern idolatry. How should it be otherwise? Can episcopacy do its good works under four thousand five hundred a-year? Cease to worship the golden image, quotha! That will be at doomsday—sometime after sunset.

Dogdraught married the £30,000 consols, and removed to Russell Square. As regarded the money, he was tolerably content. The matrimony was less to his satisfaction. What good did Miss Dibbs that was, do him now? She had no more similar *consol*ation to offer, so he said she wanted country air, and took "apartments" for her at Bow.

Probably the whole system of civilization contains no abomination equal to a professed lodging-house in one of the second-rate districts of the British capital. From the high harpy of the household, all beef, beer, brazen-face, and gin and bitters, to the cinder fiend—the maid of all-work, that never sits or sleeps, or stands still, and seldom or ever takes sustenance—no association of human nature is so abhorrent to a created being, with a soul above a refuge for the destitute. Imagine a suburban retreat, such as this, on the skirts of Whitechapel, and then say do you wonder Mrs. Pandarus Dogdraught died of it—as soon as she could?

The rich attorney of Russell Square was now the fine gentleman. Law might not be named in his presence: "his clerks did all that." He devoted his time to the cultivation of costume, to rides in Rotten Row, and a stall at the Opera. He would presently become a *millionaire*.

How was it to be avoided? His revenue put to scorn all property, whether landed or funded. What were commerce or manufactures to his sources of income? Agents fall into arrear, brokers break, tenants do not pay, travellers do not account. What then?—the law deals with them. They crave, and are awarded accommodation—but on one condition only—"all costs must be paid in the first instance." Upon manure such as this it is that your lawyer feeds fat.

What has become of Fitzbumper O'Whiskey? Where has he been all this while? Some time since he was at the bed-side of an outcast, who died in sorrow and solitude. Even so! The cut-throat, that for twenty pounds shot Cavendish de Montmorenci, and who at the same sum *per* head would probably have contracted for cutting off any amount of cavalry officers—light or heavy—wept tears of fire over a brow that was turned to stone, and a heart that was broken!

* * * * * * * *

We do not profess to treat our subject in detail; we only touch in the lights and shadows. We have passed over the consequences of the duel to him who had played so dark a part in it. The Cain was an exile, yet as none cared for him, none missed him, and he was as one that was not. But he lived—as the guilty live. And wherefore? From his native wilds he had come to the haunts of civilization, the son of a Nature never base till the world has taught it to be vile. Poverty was upon him—anon came its fruit. Life has a mark for all its offices—but it has no brand so deep as that left by captivity. It seethes up the well of human feeling, sending the felon from his cell a fiend—the debtor from his prison, his hand against every man. And yet there are those who, even now, cry out, "Deliver us over the penniless, that we may take from him the fair air of heaven: give his body to us, that we may take his soul also."

May they reap as they sow!

* * * * * * * *

Dogdraught was born a latitudinarian rogue. He would have given his fingers letters of marque for picking and stealing, had he not been taught to believe that honesty—roguery not found out?—is the best policy. O'Whiskey was the victim of circumstances; his defilement might be traced step by step from the hour in which he swallowed his first rump-steak to that in which, for sordid need, he was found willing to buy gold with his own blood, or that of a brother. Goldsmith makes his old soldier break into raptures when speaking of life in prison: is it so long ago since, next to the Albany, the Bench was the most *recherché* bachelor's residence in London?

Roused from the slumber—"he sleeps well"—
Who hears, without a shock,
Peals on the matutinal bell,
And eke the single knock?

Who marks the dread man-fishing Jew,
Nor feels his warm cheek blench;
Dallies with bills long over-due?
The tenant of the Bench.

When evening warns the jovial group
To meet in savoury zest,
Who duly sips his turtle soup,
And dines upon the best?

Who washes down his haunch and fish
With Rhenish wine and French,
And never tastes a common dish?
The tenant of the Bench.

Day's pleasant course is blithely run,
He cares not for the dim
Obscure—heeds not the night—the *dun*
Hath no more fear for him.
That champagne punch is costly drink,
But why should he retrench?
Wherefore from mirth and wassail shrink—
The tenant of the Bench?

* * * * * * * *

Our sketch draws to an end: the catastrophe, peradventure, is anticipated; for men do not gather grapes of thistles. Dog-draught had learnt this lore from his profession, that it is only the active agents of wrong who are placed in any jeopardy; the passive, he saw, had *carte blanche* for impunity.

He prospered.

O'Whiskey had early come to the conclusion

that the human stomach must be cared for—however the members may be neglected. This he did without ever having heard of the inductive process. His practice taught him that this must be done—he was not philosophical about the means.

He went to the dogs.

* * * * * * * *

In the winter of ——, some years later than when first we met him there, Fitzbumper O'Whiskey is again a lodger in Turnstile—the third floor back. But he is an altered man. He has one eye indeed, still—but no shirt—and less than no cash or credit. Like Byron's "Corsair," we have seen him a man of one virtue—his crimes we need not catalogue. Yet, for the sake of his charity, we have a nook in our pity for the villanous old Gorgon, with the voice that (before it broke down) would have frightened an ophicleide. Now, from want of more optical

capacity perhaps—or because his logic was a native of the same country with himself—he could only see one side of his connexion with Pandarus Dogdraught. The lawyer had prospered while he had starved. This reflection put out of sight the whole fabric of their union, as a mist that is poured over a landscape—or one of Mr. Martin's pictures.

It was five of the clock, in the month of November, and the Irishman rang the bell at a door in Russell Square. The footman "would see whether his master was at home." It was not Dogdranght's policy to leave his visitor in the hall for question; he must, moreover, provide against future calls such as the present.

"Dodge," said the principal to his common law clerk, "you must see this person, and tell him I am particularly engaged. Tell him to call some other time. And, Dodge, here are three ten-pound notes—put them to the office petty cash credit account. This man will very pro-

bably importune you for money; take care you do not give him any—unless he forces you."

"I must and will see him," shouted the miserable man, frantic with hunger and rage. "I say I will see him—I 'm famishing—I *will* see him—and he *shall* assist me."

"It 's no use, Mister," said Dodge, the common-law clerk; "Mr. Dogdraught 's busy; besides, it 's after bank hours, and he has just given me all his cash for office purposes. These three ten-pound notes, I know, are all we have in the house."

"Then give me one of them," roared the desperate man; "I 'll not die with the means of rescue before me. Give me one of those notes, and tell your master to charge it against my share of the £30,000 consols he knows of."

"Were the three notes you gave me sequences, sir," inquired Dodge, as he entered Dogdraught's private office.

"They were," was the answer.

"Well, here is No. 67,544, August 5th, 184—, and 67,546, same date," observed the

clerk, "and the number of the wanting note must be 67,545."

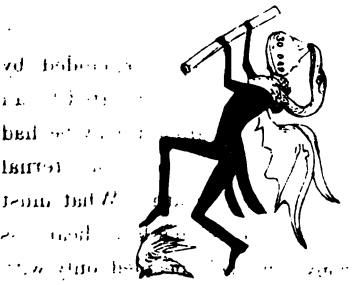
The morning after a gaunt-looking wretch was placed at the bar of the district police court. He had been apprehended the previous evening at a public-house, where he had changed a Bank of England note for £10, dated August 5th, 184—, No. 67,545, for a bottle of whisky and a roll. There was sufficient evidence—as he stated that he was without a friend in the world—to warrant his being committed for trial; his conviction on the same premises was a matter of course.

* * * * * * * *

Under a damask canopy, surrounded by sympathy and tenderness, and supported by an humble trust that our stewardship may be had in gracious account at the day of eternal reckoning—how terrible is death! What must be the bitterness of the felon's last—heartless—hopeless agony! his cell peopled only with

remorse for the past, and terror of the future! What shall come of that passage of horror and despair—EXPIATION?

The richest and most elaborate solicitor in London is Pandarus Dogdraught, Esq. of Russell Square. He gives *ton* to the profession, dresses at Count ——, "broughams" at Lord ——, and draws you tokay direct from "Esterhazy's." He has authority in his parish, money in his purse, and no one "shuns to sit" with him. And how comes all this to pass?—Because *power is law, and wealth, opportunity.*



PART THE SECOND.

KITES, OR DISCOUNTERS.

"In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very difficult to pay."

BYRON.

ANTHROPOPHAGY is a natural instinct, varying in its properties, but identical in its principles. In the positive degree, man eats the raw material, his brother man; in the comparative (the feudal state of cannibalism), he only eats and drinks the thews and sinews, that is, the animal power and produce of his

fellow-creature; while in the superlative de
under the specious shelter of refinement,
cannibalism lays gins and snares for body
soul, and for anything that is, or was, or
be, from the hands of the labourer.

A neat illustration of the instinctive
racter of the appetite used to be relate
one of the Brothers B——, the well-known
keepers of St. James's Street.

It seems that upon some occasion or o
very probably Ascot Races or Montem, he
asked by a party of young gentlemen, fro
a distinguished seat of learning, not far
the classic shades of Windsor, to lunch
hostelrie, popular with them for their fe
Well, they gave him an extensive "tuck-
including half the "baked meats" of Mo
catalogue, and all its liqueurs. Presently
began to "wine," and with the champagn
"card" a trifle—Blind Hookey was the g
He shall tell the catastrophe in his own wa

"At first I had a fairish pull, about equal main and chance; but presently the luck changed, as they are pleased to say. But the fact is, the cards were changed for a 'cut' pack, if ever I had one in my hand; and so they got every blessed

sixpence out of me—cleaned me out, and then told me to go and hang myself, if my taste

inclined to that sort of a wind-up of accounts. What do you think of that?"

"Pooh, pooh! Would you have us believe that you would continue to play with cards that you knew to be false?"

"No," B—— would reply to you; "no, I stopped as soon as I came to my senses, but that was n't till after my last penny was gone, *for the champagne I had been drinking was drugged!*"

If you sally forth to taste the afternoon air in Bond Street, any day during the season, there can be no doubt about your meeting Sir Brooke de Boodle. You desire to investigate whether that be or be not a *nom de guerre*. We make answer,—"What if it be?" So that it convey some idea characteristic of the individual, that is enough for our purpose, and ought to satisfy yours. We admit there would have existed some reason for calling on us to explain, had we set out by stating that the

personage you might reckon upon encountering rejoiced in the appellation of Snooks, because that monosyllable is neither *àpropos* of a race, nor a species.

Now it is not so with Brooke de Boodle. Those words present to your mind's eye a gentleman of middle age, in correct costume, set in the frame of a bay window abutting upon Pall Mall or Waterloo Place. Indeed they do more. They give a fillip to your inductive process, and away you go, full tilt, to your conclusions.

"Just so: let me see, Boodles—poodles—noodles—how *could* I have been so dull; of course it 's Sir —— ——."

There is high precedent for such a style of reasoning. It was the way King George the Third was accustomed to work out his propositions in nomenclature. His Majesty's system of logic was one of analogy. Thus, for instance, we will suppose you presented at a recent levee

as Mr. Cooper; the next time the king happened to see you, he would begin to muse somewhat after this fashion, "The gentleman's name is Tubs—Tubs—Tubs—ah! yes, bless my heart, Cooper—Cooper—Cooper."

Sir Brooke is a rosy-gilled, laughing-eyed Epicurean, looking for all the world as if he knew no more of sorrow than of the longitude. He gives you the notion of a peripatetic paraphrase of *vive la bagatelle*. And yet, from the fox of a favourite cover in "a crack country," to the lady's-maid in a family whose daughters are neither comely, nor young, nor well-dowered, perhaps nothing ever in the flesh understood more scientifically the meaning of the expression "hunted," both in its practical and general application.

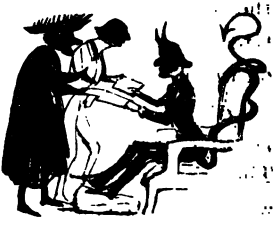
For several generations, the substance of the Boodles had been on the wane. This it is not difficult to account for, seeing that they lived beyond their incomes, and had n't the slightest

idea that the difference admitted of being balanced by any human contrivance—except a charge on their lands and tenements. On succeeding to his estates, our baronet discovered that his property in them was limited to a sort of contingent remainder in the persons of the *feræ naturæ*. The mortgagees took the rents, and winked at his taking his pleasure among the hares and pheasants. But, like the French marquis, he presently grew tired of *toujours perdrix*. So for that reason—and another which will be seen in the sequel—he set his back upon the fauns and dryads, and his face towards the great city.

Wheaten flour is, or is supposed to be, the staple food of the English people; the Scotch feed mainly upon oaten meal; while the Irish make experiments to keep the soul and body together by means of potatoes. London is the only part of the kingdom where a large proportion of the inhabitants

live upon their wits. This is a precarious sort of existence—to-day, turkey and truffles—to-morrow, liver and bacon; but here is matter for the political economist rather than the social ornithologist.

Sir Brooke de Boodle was set down at Long's with some of the best blood in Great Britain in his veins, and, as much money in his purse as would pay turnpike for his walking-stick. We yield to none in our veneration for virtue, and our hatred of vice; but it is our duty to say the truth, especially when its declaration is convenient to our narrative. On this account, as touching the state of Sir Brooke's finances, we state it as our solemn belief that were the Enemy of Mankind to take a suite of rooms at Mivart's, and spend £500 a-week, he



would receive vouchers for Almacks, and an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor. The reverse of this—can there be evil more dire?—attends poverty. Do you desire that an English baronet should go about with pockets to let, under such circumstances?

Before the general introduction of clubs had given it a "heavy blow and great discouragement," the coffee-room at Long's was a pleasant place. It had a table at the further end, running parallel with Clifford Street, and a glorious Silenus-faced old serving man, that a satyr might have been proud to take by the hand, and acknowledge for a brother. Green spots these in the desert of the present, on which we can look back and smile.

At the time we speak of, it had also a peculiar clique, that made it a sort of home. There was the Count *Or Molu*, then impressed with fashion's sterling stamp, which insured him universal currency. Since, in consequence

of having been "sweated"* by the

has met with a less ready reception. There was the Honourable Antinous Antler of the Guards, much in requisition among the *élégantes* of Park Lane, and subsequently much sought after by the inelegant of Chancery Lane. There was another Honourable, John,

or more correctly Jack, Alldin-
goon of uncommon *éclat.* He
white curricle horses, with pink

horses in Leicester-*Shire;* now famous for his bustles and bouquets in Leicester *Square.* Squire Brandy Fitztyke was pretty constant in his attendance, but he was too rarely sober to be much of an acquisition. Chili Chizzle never missed a day, or night, yet somehow he was n't popular. There was nothing positively to be said against him, as people were going; but his *ensemble* conveyed an unpleasant impression. You felt as if he had been born with fish-hooks for fingers.

Among these professors, De Boodle took his degree as *Master of Arts.*

Nature has made nothing in vain—from the sun above, to "the naked negro panting at the line" beneath. Were it not for the former, what would become of the Daguerreotype? and if there were no niggers, who would make sugar for us, and beat the big drum?

There is a district stretching from Picca-

dilly to Hanover Square, bounded—if you take the route laid down—on the right by Regent Street, and on the left by Bond Street. Its genuine name is Burlington Gardens, and it is the principal resort in the metropolis of the birds of prey called kites or discounters. Not

that the *genus* is confined to the British capital; for go to Paris, and you see it prowling, with eyes and ears like Scylla and Charybdis, about the Bois de Boulogne, the Place Vendôme, the Champs Elysées, the Tuileries, the Pont Neuf, the Jardin des Plantes, the Champ de Mars, the Boulevards, Père la Chaise—everywhere. And the same it is at Vienna, Rome, Naples, St. Petersburg, Calcutta, and Timbuctoo. But our affair is with the ornithology of London, so we return to our native species.

It has its varieties, but the chief are familiarly called "old birds." Our specimen belongs to this class.

Who or what Iscariot Crook was before he set up his staff in Burlington Gardens, nobody knows; and, as he took no steps to enlighten his neighbours on the point, the probability is, he did not know himself—at least it is charitable to suppose such was the fact from the premises.

His appearance was not in his favour, but

quite the other way. He could do nothing in a right line. He could neither stand straight, nor look straight, nor go straight. As Paddy says in the play, he was "a bad man and an ugly Christian." He stooped in his carriage as aforesaid, squinted, shambled in his gait, and was a bitter rogue. Nothing was too hot or too heavy for him; indeed, if all was true you heard whispered about, he had started as a lawyer, but soon got notice to quit, lest his practice might damage the profession.

But what nature stinted him of in person, she made up in brains. She had given him granite for a heart, and for a head the philosopher's stone. He was a modern Midas. All he touched became gold, except his hopes, which turned to ashes. Such is the golden rule—such is justice; compensation is the law of life. And such Iscariot Crook found it, though it is likely he knew as little of a syllogism as of Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.

The "kite," it has been premised, was not of a prepossessing exterior; but he was philosopher enough to understand that if you would "hand" a gudgeon of quality, you must "fish not with this melancholy bait." Your West-end gentleman in difficulties is "a dainty monster." It is ill angling with a gorge-hook; for should you "take" anything, the odds are that it turns out no great catch.

In this frame of mind Crook one afternoon encountered Sir Brooke de Boodle, as he debouched from the Albany into Vigo Street. A man of few words, he treated his subject as epic poets are wont, according to Byron. Of course, he wound up with a moral.

"This is a wicked world," he said; "and if you and I don't pick up the fools that are strewed about the parks, and the pavements, and the places, somebody else will, and handle them worse. The harvest of mankind offers good gleaning: have you any objection to take a hand among the stubbles?"

50, drawn by him on Nokes, Styles, ‹
ıd discounted by the speaker, was lyin
ɔnoured in his (the speaker's) hand‹
ok became less indignant; and as he lo
way, bound for Saville Row, he drawled

"Well, Crook, we'll see about it to-m
-to-morrow at this time, Crook. And
rook, ye'll transmute a small stiff—j
ɔen preliminaries."

* * * * * *

The *tête-à-tête* between these disci
vilization was a picture of the small c‹
ons peculiar to the neighbourhood in
occurred. The baronet had still some
the gentleman remaining, and he list‹

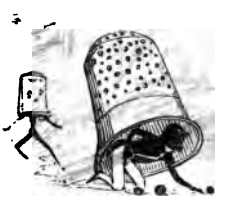
dreadful plans, and said all sorts of horrid things, as matter of course—in *his* course. De Boodle listened, and replied to himself "flattering unction" wise, or as Sir Lucius O'Trigger hinted to Acres it was best to do in a dilemma, "fight to prevent a misunderstanding." So the neophyte of Mammon took up arms against his principles, in manner following:—

"Fellows," he said soliloquizing, but in the tone of one whose language is at issue with his logic, "fellows *will* throw away their money, that 's the fact; to be sure they ought n't to throw away other people's ——"

Here he fixed his eyes on a painting which occupied the whole of the space from the mantelpiece to the ceiling, stated by Crook to be a genuine Rubens, or Titian, or Annibal Caracci, representing a passage in the life of Esau. Now "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." But De Boodle was made of sterner

stuff than to be dismayed by an oil painting—whoever the master.

"Fellows," he continued, "will throw their money into the dirt, into those social sewers the common gaming-houses; among the scum of human garbage, the usurers"—here there was a cough, but he heeded it not, for his blood was up—"they 'll throw it anywhere rather than into the box of the deserving. I asked Jack Alldin, yesterday, to lend me five pounds; and he 'could n't' out of a sheaf of notes I saw him thrust into the tail of his great-coat. There is no gratitude left in the world; from this day forth my hand against every man. Why attempt to serve the human animal?



Sir James Graham brought discomfiture and ruin upon the thimble and pea men; did he

action, and ...
with nice little rose-wood tables, cl
and discretion enough to keep th
shut, that they might make fortun
May and December. It would n't
bad notion to get up a company t
place. But that 'll keep—in the me
case is peculiarly embarrassing. It 's
not to be able to settle with your
but think of being without the mear
into her debt!

"Crook, I 'm yours, body and l
will omit the ceremony of passin
tween us—give me ten pounds
Now tell me what you would have
markets at the opera, or 'crack' t

public as Lord Mobile. He is for ever blazing out, like a political gas jet. His career, indeed, has exhibited some isolated instances of noble effort and brilliant talents, but as a whole it has been remarkable for incongruity, and an instability of purpose never the companion of master minds. Besides, he is, so to speak, a *petit maître* in debate, always more anxious about a point than a principle.

The Honourable Mr. Alldin is his son, holding pretty much the position in social life that his father occupies in political. Now, is it necessary we declare that these are fancy sketches, for which none sat but idolons of our imagination whereon we desired to hang a moral? Personalities we hold to be evidence of the worst taste. In the notes to Akenside's Epistle to Curio, somebody writes thus—"It was Pulteney's business, we are to suppose, to stint the young Duke of Marlborough to one bottle of brandy a-day, and to prevail on Lady

serves a philosopher of [illegible]
sublime a contempt for a snob as
of the upper school since the d
George Brummell was the glo
———'s." "Assuredly," writ
accomplished essayist of our time
Socrates planted and Plato wat
judged of by its flowers and lea
noblest of trees. But if we take t
of Bacon, if we judge of the tre
our opinion of it may perhaps
able." These instances are *àpro*
education. Fagging is *àprop*
education also. By this latter,
understood to "valet" big boys
[illegible] and victuals from them

Academia? Is it calculated to incline the human "twig" towards justice?

* * * * * * *

Jack Alldin was a boon, brilliant, hale, handsome, manly, moustached, sentimental, cigar-smoking sample of English gentlehood. He had been at Eton and at Christchurch, and cultivated as sublime a contempt for a snob as ever entered into the philosophy of Plato. Yet he was eminently

"A youth designed his father's soul to cross."

Must there not have been something wrong in his education?

When a man occupies himself four or five years doing nothing "about town" except spending money, he generally gets through a considerable amount of business and bullion. Now Jack was anything but idle in this popular vocation. From the hour that a gentleman may be considered to have discussed his toilette and his breakfast—we but transpose the order,

of finding ... ...
in the proper place—Hyde Parl
the French Play, or Madame L
soupers. Something orthodox wa
him employed. He was not, ind
home, because the peer, as he
given to energetic oratory, and l
miscellaneous. These things, c
others of less account, drove h
where he became acquainted with
Boodle, who made him acquainte
Crook, who made him acquain
which we shall see anon.

Should it please you more,]
Crook rather as the type of a t
portrait. He is a better specimen

fit for his wares, except a dealer in the precious metals. He has only very recently been relieved from his restrictions, and consequently has a large arrear to make up." So he began with five hundred *per cent.*

It would have been a treat for Zeno to have heard the arguments with which the heavy dragoon sought to move the bowels of the grim discounter. "Now here 's my acceptance for a thousand at three months," he would calmly remark. "You give me a couple of hundreds in cash, which is well. The balance you propose to make up in Norway deals and Scotch granite. I 've nothing to say against the wood, for that is combustible; but what 's to be done with the stones? I can't burn *them.*"

Again he would deliver himself thus:— "What of this *post obit* affair, Crook? First and foremost I 'm at the point of death for 'tin,' that 's a fact. And on your side, I offer you five thousand, charged on that insurance in the

gammon, you know, ... g
terly, every noon of the day be
due. Well, never mind. I say
thousand; but I must have hal
stumpy—dust—and no mistake.
the Geneva watches, there are t
say, at twenty pounds a-piece. W
tickers; but the cheese-toasters, t
item. Six dozen silver cheese-tc
better take the Coal Hole at onc

* * * * * *

The Honourable John Alldin
been done as brown as if he ha
in his own six dozen of silver
And yet his misfortunes cannot l
... obstinate perseverance in a

French brandy, Epsom salts, musical boxes, Manilla cheroots, Shetland ponies, and eau-de-Cologne. But, Jack, thou art gone, and we "could have better spared a better man." The last we heard of him was, that he was sojourning for a space with one Sloman of Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. On that very day we met Crook descending Waterloo Place, with Sir Brook de Boodle seated by his side, in a complete cab, drawn by a thorough-bred bay, standing seventeen hands, and stepping as if his destination was the apex of the Duke of York's column.

PART THE THIRD.

ROOKS, OR "LEGS."

"You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting."
HENRY V.

THE Rook, or "Leg," of social zoology is to be met with chiefly on race-courses, and such rural occasions as draw together large miscellaneous assemblies. In the intervals between such meetings, there are many places whither birds of this tribe flock to "settle." Tattersall's is their principal resort in the British metropolis. You find them there all the year

round, but in greater numbers on the afternoons of Mondays and Thursdays, particularly during their season, which commences with "Coventry" and ends with "the Houghton." The "leg," it should be observed, takes note of time by its references, as the Greeks—the root, or stock, of the family—dated by Olympiads, the spaces that divided their important race meetings. The characteristics of the "leg" are a subtle, watchful tranquillity, occasionally, but rarely, ruffled, with, at the same time, a rapacity so extraordinary that it will absolutely snap up words as they fall from your mouth. This act is accompanied by a sound resembling "done," very probably intended by nature as a warning to those creatures upon which it preys. The "leg" is among men that which

the rook is among birds—the *prosopopæia* of a "shaver."

The act of going on the turf, like that of being put under it, levels all distinctions. In the ring, as in the grave, all men are equal. Even when but a solitary step from eternity, the consciousness of class has elsewhere been known indignantly to vindicate itself; and the highwayman on the gallows has turned up his nose at the sweep that was turned off in company with him. In the betting circles alone is there no precedence—no pretence of state or station—no assumption that virtue is more honourable than vice, or riches more worthy than rags. Once within that circle, the Pope of Rome would take Lucifer by the hand, the archbishop of—anywhere would walk cheek by jowl with Jeroboam. What sort of place is this ring?

"For whom," asks Shakspere, "is the world made withal?" Reader, hadst thou ever a

grandmother in the flesh—a maiden aunt among the quick—or any ancient gentlewoman of thy kith, kind, or kindred, who used to commune with thee when thy days were in the spring? She told thee, perchance, of anthropophagi, foul-feeding gouls, living on *post obits*, reversions, and the ruins of heirs to estates entail. Do you believe in ghosts? do you put credit in goblins? have you any faith in fairies? any leaning whatever towards the supernatural, except for the Willis in Giselle? We are not going to raise spirits for the sake of the sensation. We are about to put on the scene a society, compared with the best of whom Guy Fawkes was a syllabub of the milk of human kindness. It is therefore that we desire to learn thy qualification for this ordeal of thy nerves.

"What is the ring?" The analysis gives its component parts—legs. What is a "leg?"

"*Do you* see a man with animal stamped

on his plebeian features, whose bull neck and beetling brow are so very conspicuous? You may hear his cackling hyena laugh as, in coarse

familiarity, he is addressing the refined, high-bred, elegant-looking fellow in the blue frock-

coat and buckskin trowsers. What a sad scen it is! The vulgar, round-shouldered, impuden varlet once pulled the fore-lock of his bulle head as you gave him the guerdon for onl half polishing your shoes, in a very second-rat hotel. Yet now he whispers his turf secre with hot and noxious breath, into the smal aristocratic ear of his companion, whose calr reflective eye and noble air you would think a earnest of better things."

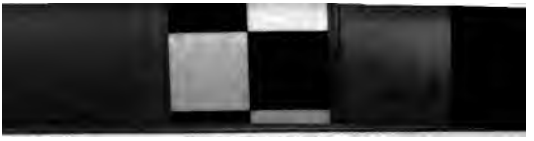
Such is a sketch of Leatherlungs as h was. We will now present him as he is. Don be afraid; we 'll be careful to keep down th colouring, only showing you, as did the autho of Gil Blas, how "the rogues were very merr on their booty, and said a thousand thing which showed the wickedness of their morals. Not that we desire to propitiate Smellfungus we have a moral to arrive at, and don't fe called upon to go very much out of the way.

West of where Hyde Park Corner used t

be, there is a district called Belgravia. That is the locality selected by our "leg" for the abode of his transmuted man. He has undergone, indeed, a great moral filtering. His parts of speech have been toned down, and instead of prowling about, obviously seeking something, or anything, or everything to devour, he "has his teeth in his throat." You cannot conceive a more complete thing than his house. It is as void of ostentation without, as if it had been planned for the parson of the parish.

But come with us across the threshold. Now, is not the taste perfect? All Louis XIV., you see. But never mind the parlours, ascend to the drawing-rooms. Why do you linger by the way? Ah! the green-house attracts you. What holds you there? That quaint old table, with its cover of geranium-coloured velvet? What a duck of a place for *lansquinette*—is n't it?

There, that will do; we are not writing for the



auctioneer, but to show you how Leatherlungs is lodged. At forty-five we find him living like Lucullus. We can remember seeing him, when he was twenty-five, endeavouring to scoop up his broth with a silver fork, thinking it was a particularly genteel silver spoon.

Leatherlungs sometimes descends from his quality company, and gathers around him a mixed society, or rather a perfectly plain one, composed altogether of the raw material. A set of merry rogues are your disciples of fortune—fellows above fate; for if the worst comes, where is there a pleasanter retreat than the *Levant?*

"There is a sound of revelry by night" in the Sybarite bowers of Belgravia!—that we should write it—even in those salons of marble and silver—even under the noses of goddesses, muses, and nymphs, are real Bacchanals, over head and ears in brandy-and-water, besmoked with "mundungus," and strewn with ashes like

sacrificial altars. They are in debate: O'Bluster speaketh; O'Bluster throwing himself into stronger relief than nature vouchsafes, as the noonday sun might place a gas lamp in its rear.

"Subby," he said to a grim-looking personage with a "clay" in his mouth, and an eye

that would have discomposed Van Amburgh; "Subby, you may as well pay the five pounds I lent you. I know you're flush after your run at Goodwood."

"Subby" is an abbreviation of "The Subject"—a name by which the gentlemen in question is familiarly known, in consequence of his having once, when labouring under a pecuniary pressure, sold himself to a surgeon for dissection, and walked off upon seeing that the purchase was completed.

"O'Bluster," replied the philosopher in a deprecating tone, "would you take a hundred pounds out of a friend's pocket?"

"I only asked you for five," rejoined O'B.

"I know that," answered the pseudo-anatomy; "*but then I'm under a penalty of a hundred pounds never to pay any money that I owe.*" Everybody enjoyed this *jeu d'esprit* more than he did to whom it was addressed.

The fraternity of "legs" is an incorporate idea—a substantive imagination, whereof the matter is "the odds." It 's all the same whether the members be of ripe age or infants —such sucklings as the atmosphere of Newmarket hatches spontaneously. We once taxed one of those babes in boots and breeches with a neglect of his theological duties.

"Why, I go to church every Sunday," it exclaimed. "*I'll lay you six to four I do.*"

We return to the party instinctively becoming professional.

"Was that the deviled drum-stick of a salamander?" cried O'Bluster, burying his head in a tankard of stout. "Send for a fire-engine —my throat is going to burst into a blaze."

"You 've touched what was as hot as that without burning your fingers," hinted the host. "How many seasons had Maccabeus been racing before he came out as an untried three-year old at Epsom Spring?"

"It's not everybody gets the pull his neighbours do upon a Derby," retorted O'B.

"Hold hard," expostulated the Subject, "or you'll make the Irish gentleman blush."

"He paints *white* as well as red," put in Leatherlungs, for stirring up the affair of the Derby had made him warm.

"I say, Leathers," cried Lazy-cum-Tithes, the sporting parson, seeing a row was brewing, and desirous of being peace-maker, "what has become of *Qui Tam?* It's a pity he is not embalmed in a horse-pond."

"Yes," observed the "leg," "he was a pestilent villain, no doubt; but then, what are you to expect of an attorney? To make him, you select a boy of tender age, and stick him upon an office stool, an *auto da fè* to those surpassing rascalities which constitute the stereotyped vocabulary of that slimy, slavering, venomous, vermin, the law clerk."

"You're bitter," suggested a natty little

man, who always passes by his *soubriquet*, which is Spicy. "You 're bitter; but you can afford it. A censor of morals that has n't a pot, pan, poker, gridiron, coal-scuttle, or anything else in his kitchen, that is n't solid silver, may say what he pleases."

"Spicy, how about the Baron?" inquired a fat ill-favoured personage, whose characteristics were the extremity of natural vulgarity, set off by an assumed impertinence of speech.

"Do you mean the horse or the ass?" drawled out the little natty man indifferently; and turning to the pastor of Lazy-cum-Tithes, he began to canvass the merits of Lord Longtong's Leger "lot."

"I can lay against Flatcatcher," he resumed, drawing a small volume, clasped and bound in white Russia, from his waistcoat pocket. "Twenty to one with a good customer."

"Twenty to one," repeated the corpulent

turfite; "why, the Duke took half the odds about him this morning. I should think he ought to know something about his own horse."

"I am of precisely a different opinion," said Spicy; "but as soon as I 'm full—that is, when I can get no more out of it—I 'll inform His Grace that a casualty befel his animal between four and five this afternoon. The electric telegraph on the South-Western is really a very useful appendage to that establishment."

"I want to back a nomination for the Chester Cup," roared Leatherlungs; for when he gives utterance to anything in which he is interested, it is as if he was addressing some one a mile off. "I want to back a nomination, accept or not, at long odds."

"The *clerk* to the handicappers has given you the office about the weights," commented O'Bluster.

"Tam o' Shanter don't win the two thousand,

I'll lay ten *rouleaus* to five," offered young Croaky, who affects the stylish;—his father used to do business more plainly.

"Lord Star-and-Garter has told you he means to 'scratch' him, I see," was Leatherlung's note upon this proposition. "I thought no one stood in with me; but to be sure he owes you a turn, and a pretty tidy arrear in the matter of book debts besides, I believe."

"He promised me a set-off for the odds I dropped on the precious match he made with Captain Bowse," urged Croaky.

"And Star-and-Garter had the best of it," rejoined the "leg," which means the host; "a great deal the best of it."

"Then why the deuce did he lose?" insisted Croaky. "He was beaten as if his horse had been made at Tunbridge Wells."

"Because I laid Armstrong his jockey a hundred that he *won*," was the explanation; and nothing in logic could have been more

convincing. "But suppose we change the subject," he continued; and, turning to Spicy, he asked, with an air of gallantry, "How is your friend Camilla ——? We never see her

now, and the Park is a desert when she is not there. What can have become of her?"

"I can't give you a very circumstantial account of her whereabouts or whatabouts," said the small man, always as keenly on his guard as a fencer in an assault at arms. "She is out of town. Perhaps they have made her a foreign ambassador, or a lord of the bed-chamber, or something of the sort."

Such is a picture after the diamond cut diamond school. "Legs" are professors of a science compounded of memory and calculation. We speak now of legs "proper." These become book-makers, and in that capacity watch the odds and take them, with the view to laying them off to advantage. The philosopher's stone of the ring is "hedging," by which the alchymist of the odds stands to win to a certainty—provided his customers *pay*.

Then there are "legs" also that may, in every sense of the term, be called legs "im-

proper." Every season produces a crop of them; mercenaries in complete brass—freebooters who haunt the *pavé* as Robin Hood and his merry men did the forests and wilds. You may meet this corps, after having deserted from Tattersall's, constantly in Regent Street, or the adjacent shades of the Quadrant, lounging about with life-preservers under their arms, of the calibre of kitchen pokers, by way of dress canes.

As all naturalists do, we describe our family by means of one of its members. Leather-lungs, our specimen of the "rook" of social life, has achieved fortune. The instinct of the species is to do this, though many of them let it drop out of their claws afterwards. He has been lucky beyond the aspirations of honester man. Apicius would have "loved to dine" with this "Nong Tong Paw." His wife—for Camilla, setting aside her foreign embassy, had condescended to conjugate with the "leg" of Bel-

gravis—his wife, we say, was altogether unexceptionable, as regarded her *physique*. His residence has been etched, and its appliances pronounced beyond reproach. Here was the accomplishment of no small glory. Imagine a ragged rascal, begot in some ignoble suburb—"by whom" it matters not, which is so much the better, as there might be considerable difficulty in solving the inquiry—conceive, we say, a shirtless scoundrel sliding off the scum of the human cauldron into reciprocity of occupation with gartermen of the privileged orders! Was not that a pretty *sauter la coupe?*

We would not filtch from him the credit due to his diplomacy. If it crowned no genius, it showed an intimate acquaintance with human nature—a priceless property in one who has to make the world his inheritance. He was morally—or immorally, if you insist upon words—vastly superior to your common dredger of men. He angled for them with a tact of which,

had the quarry been trouts, Isaac Walton might have been vain. He was no huckster of humanity, but a great general merchant of mankind.

No stroke of his policy was more admirable than his marriage. The lady of his election—we had almost said choice—had held for herself a position probably never attained by any of her class in this country. She had refused young and middle-aged nobles by the bushel; had commanded the homage and exchequer of a crowd of the minions of fortune and fashion, and occupied a pedestal in the hall of fame—or infame—where conventionalism has installed the Houris of the western paradise. This remarkable woman was literally the rage during many years of her brilliant career, and may still be seen "first in the throng," whether in the mob of gentles that people the ride in Hyde Park, or the more select that see the finish of a hard day with "the Queen's."

To her he was indebted for his position. Money of course he had, or she would scarce have been his *aide-de-camp*. But until breathed upon by her inspiration, he was part and parcel of the undeniable "Snobbery" of the Corner. She it was that initiated him into the *tracasserie* of tooth-brushes, and made him conversant,

with courtesy and clean linen. She was the "gentle moon" that shed lustre upon the Great Bear. Instead of wearing hands like a coal-whipper, you met him in faultless kids, colour "dun hackles," double sewn—Isidore, Regent Street, sole agent for Great Britain and her colonies.

Thus did the man of lowly suit and ragged reputation set forth with a considerable note of taste and pretension. He had studied his Alpha Beta of manners as no inapt scholar. Having begun life inauspiciously (by "cracking" his uncle's till one Sunday afternoon when the family were gone to service), he saw the folly of his ways, and took to robbery as recognised by the legislature. More fearful catastrophes have resulted from losses by gambling within recent memory, than came of the highway since the days of Turpin. Hundreds have been put to an ignominious death for taking a guinea by the light of the stars, while men have been

and are rifled of their inheritances with impunity by their fire-sides, or in the pursuit of their accustomed recreations.

How gallant is the rook returning from his golden banquet, to a home hard by some "stately hall." How different the same, a traitor, brought to the parish beadle dead and turned to carrion, for sake of the allowance on his head by the Association for the Destruction of Vermin! Alike in characteristics, alike also in fate how often, is your "leg." He lives, safely, in marble halls, dines from oysters to ice, daily, and passes his life a finished Sybarite from top to toe. Then comes a change, a chilling change. There is a run against him—bad; he neglects to liquidate—worse; he loses his customers—worst. He lives on his capital for a time, and, lo! his last sovereign is turned into silver.

* * * * * * *

Let us make the hour four P.M., the scene Regent Street, in the season. You saunter, on

the shady side, sick of the dust and vertical sun in which you have been riding. You are not in the best temper in the world, and a fellow in the

ghost of a stable-jacket, with a voice like an asthmatic bagpipe, besieges you to "buy a poodle." You tell him to go to—a place you have no wish to visit yourself. He says something logically correct, but you object to the force of his expression. You turn round and repeat, still more emphatically, your solicitation that he betake him to the destination

allotted for him. As you objurgate, you observe. You recognise a face that is familiar to you, for which reason of course you remove from it the faster. You reach the friendly shadows of the Quadrant. You have time to draw forth your *mouchoir* and meditate. "Bless me," you exclaim, "I could never have reckoned upon such a thing, but I cannot be deceived. I have not a doubt of it. My friend in the wreck of a doublet, and in deep distress, is Leatherlungs; the 'leg'—'*gone to the dogs!!*'" . . . . .

PART THE FOURTH.

SPARROW-HAWKS, OR "GREEKS."

"De gustibus non est disputandum."

LATIN AXIOM.

"Blowing great guns and no mistake."

FREE TRANSLATION.

IF A mad dog were to show the shadow of his nose anywhere that people had pitchforks, what would come of it? That forthwith a great multitude would fall upon him, belabour him to death, and scatter his remains to the winds. But for one man who

dies of a mad dog, thousands fall by the Greeks. What are these dire destroyers—these wholesale devastators of the human race? What, you ask, are Greeks? We answer plague, pestilence, famine, and the *cholera morbus*.

Did it ever occur to you to have the cholic, and send for a bottle of Dr. Figg's "Friend to the Intestines?" It cost you three shillings a thimble-full. The doctor makes it for three halfpence a gallon: one halfpenny the Epsom salts, one halfpenny the arsenic, and one halfpenny the train oil. Figgs is a Greek—which includes homicide, the undertaker, and the sexton.

Or perhaps you are susceptible of cold, have a horror of a ducking, and have been advised to try Messrs. Whitey, Brown, Paper and Co.'s patent antifluvial amphibious paletot? The material for which their patent has been taken *out is a conglo*merate of the residuum of blotting

books, and a marine alga, called sponge. It is not perfectly waterproof, but then, what it wants in that property is more than compensated by the ready evaporation which it affords to the natural gasses. When you are taking the air at Ventnor in a Bath chair and the asthma, you will have time to investigate the claim of Messrs. Whitey, Brown, Paper and Co. to be classed among the Athenians.

Our vein, for the nonce, is severe. So the nervously charitable may incline to think; but as Hamlet designed aforetime, we "would be cruel only to be kind." As old Drayton has it, we would desire to show

> "How necessary it is now-a-days
> That each body live uprightly in all manner of ways;
> For let never so little a gap be open,
> And be sure of this, the worst will be spoken."

Who are the Greeks? You hear a judge in one of the Courts of Whitewash reading some

spendthrift a lecture upon the heinousness of his ways (and giving him a couple of years in prison, to mend his morals), for having run in debt with an honest tradesman, without reasonable prospect of paying him. The debtor of two-and-twenty dealt with the creditor of two-and-sixty for Möet's champagne, manufactured in Moorfields—first cost, a penny a flask; retail price, five-and-twenty guineas a case of three dozen? Which is the Greek of this episode?

Very lately a commission was promoted from the Court of Chancery to take into consideration whether the petitioners should succeed to property to which they were entitled *primâ facie*, or whether the Crown should inherit. The petition went on to show that Sir Christopher Robinson, the Judge-Advocate, by whom it was favourably considered, advised that the papers should be further referred to the Attorney and Solicitor General. This was done;

and the law officers of the Crown came to the same conclusion, advising the Crown to consent, as a matter of justice, to the case being re-opened. The Crown consented, and in consequence, such proceedings were had that the Lord Chancellor referred the matter to one of the Masters. "*At this time it was not known that the money had been spent; but no sooner was this discovery made than the claim was met with determined opposition by the legal gentlemen from the Treasury, who, entirely for the purpose of perplexing the petitioners, thought themselves justified in countenancing a rival claim, called Broad's claim, which had not enough even of apparent justice about it to deceive any person.*" Now this being the statement of one who himself is a "legal gentleman," must, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*. If false, it is a monstrous fable—if true, a monstrous fact, illustrative of the

functions of a Crown. Who is the Greek in this *case?*

The proprietors of gambling-houses in London, in Paris, all over the world, are Greeks by universal acclamation. One evening a wine-merchant, of high reputation in the city, entered the "Athenæum" in St. James's Street (not the establishment otherwise known as the Assinæum in Pall-Mall), and called for a hundred pounds' worth of counters. He received and lost them. He then demanded another hundred pounds' worth; and when they had gone the same way as their predecessors, a third hundred was given to him. He lost this supply, and peremptorily insisted upon more. This was refused; whereupon he asserted that he had given a cheque for four hundred pounds, and that consequently there was still a hundred coming to him. The cheque was then shown to him; he took it in

his hand, observed that it *was* only for three hundred, tore it in pieces, walked out of the

house, and so closed that transaction. Who was the Greek in this deal?

But shall not a plea be urged in mitigation of the play of this metropolis, compared with its sister Fury in other capitals. Remember the Palais Royal, where woman was day and

night to be seen transformed into a fiend. To her it was all one—to win her *coupe*, or leap from the *Pont Neuf*—this world or the next! You miss her from her accustomed

haunt—you find her in the *Morgue*. Oh! mercy, but the sight is sorrowful. There lies the daughter of crime and its consequence—rouge and white lead dabbled and streaked over cheek and brow. Chaplets of roses droop amid her long dank streaming hair. Her eyes of stone start from their sockets. Her pale wan hands are clenched and writhed in their last agony!

"A few rude boards are now her beauty's bed;
Her still and roseless face has now no veil,
But one long dripping lock across it shed;
Yet her wide eye looks living. O! the tale
Told there of reason that began to fail—
Of wild remorse—of the last agony,
When, wandering desperate in the midnight gale,
She flung to sightless heaven her parting cry,
Then in the dark wave plunged, to struggle—and to die!"

* * * * * * * *

The feast of Easter is the season for the flocking of Greeks to London—their especial rendezvous. It is the high festival of Mammon—a solemnity whereat cant, speciosity, hum-

bug, doubt, sorrow, remorse, despair, k
ledge, foolishness, health, disease, hon
shame, youth, age, life and death gather
gether to bow down before the golden calf
fortune or fashion hath set up. Let us
it together. We won't enter a gambling de
no need. There 's plenty for our philos
in less notorious places.

"If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,
Which is the better man?"

Play levels all distinctions. It was, t
sure, a contemptible view of human nature
which used to exhibit
———, the Midas of
calculation, whining like
a whipped cur when luck
would insist upon its
turn against talent; but
neither was it the most
chivalrous aspect of our
species that which set before you the Duk

Star-and-Garter wringing shame-won gold from the horny hand of the common dicer.

It is meet that we muse on our social geography, for the moral that is thence to be read teaches the student to know himself. Citizen of the city of cities—of London the limitless—how fares your knowledge of this your home? Know you more or less of it than of Pekin? What can you tell us of Bethnal Green—of Saffron Hill—of Spitalfields? Haply ye have seen occasion to order a fire-escape when your next door neighbour's house has been burnt about his ears. When bent on taking your pleasure at Greenwich Fair, you do not despise the precaution of buttoning your pockets. How do you provide for the safety of your purse when some exclusive honours you with an invitation to join his party to Richmond? Are you at all cognizant of the instincts of St. James's and May Fair?

You have read of Bethnal Green—of Saffron

Hill—of Spitalfields, that their inhabitants live upon one meal between half-a-dozen, one bed among half-a-score, and no fresh air at all. It has perhaps never occurred to you, however, that where fortune delights to dwell, and fashion to resort, there are those to whom this condition of being would be a holiday. But, nevertheless, it is so. These are the men who *sans* money or means of any kind; *sans* profession, trade, or handicraft; *sans* everything but the principle of life within them, are compelled to invent food and lodging, and raiment, good enough to pass muster with those persons of condition, the dust of whose shoes they are proud to lick for the privilege of being seen at tables where they rank next to the footmen. Do you wonder there are Greeks in the world?

The moral world, by which is meant all the men and women that have escaped being *found out*, test virtue as if it were an abstract

roperty. The law of the land does the same y crime; and stealing a loaf is punished by he statute in the same degree whether the thief shall have been famishing at the time, or returning from dinner at the Lord Mayor's. Indeed the former instance would most likely fare the worst, as the latter would infer a position of "respectability."

There is a neat commentary on this principle in some edition or other of Joe Miller. The parson of a rural parish, in returning from church one Sunday, overtook an industrious labourer, whom he had noticed as a constant attendant at service.

"Good morrow, Master Jackson," said the clergyman, "I'm glad to see you. The Sabbath must be a happy day for you, and I'm rejoiced that you, who work so hard all the week, make such good use of it."

"Ay, indeed, sir," replied Jackson, "I works pretty tightish all the week, and am

right glad when Sunday comes round; for then, you see, I goes to church, and sits me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks of nothing."

If we could analyze the criminal statistics of this or any other country we should find crime the growth of such natural causes as in the material world produce animal or vegetable existence. A young gentleman who figured at one of the police offices not long ago on a charge of robbing his master, in acknowledging his offence thus reasoned upon his inducements to larceny:—"Circumstances over which I had no control made me what I am. What I might have been had I not been born the son of the most drunken ruffian that ever a poor devil had for a father, I dare not think about, or it would make me mad. In fact, fortune sent me into the world the offspring of a rascally pawnbroker, and the scoundrel took care I should never rise higher in the social scale."

There are those men who are born Greeks; others, who achieve that degree; and others, who have it thrust upon them.

Is Greeking, then, a natural agent; or a contrivance of human ingenuity? Greeking, curious inquirer, is the offspring of the idol-worship called Happiness; and why call you the toil for the *beau ideal* idolatry?—Listen.

"What difference doth it make whether thou art happy or not? To-day becomes yesterday, and fast all to-morrows become yesterdays; and then there is no question whatever of the happiness, but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left, at least for thyself; thy very pains, once gone over into yesterday, become joys to thee. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over; our life is passing swiftly over; and 'the night cometh wherein no man may work.' The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness, it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone, a thing that has been.

If is not of the slightest consequence whether we are as happy as eupeptic Curtis, or the fattest pig of Epicurus; or unhappy as Job with potsherds, or as Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart."

Thus argued a philosopher of the Young England school; and his principle is the lever of the Greek. Everybody seeks to be happy after her or his particular taste, without caring a button about the consequences.

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

A French princess treated as fabulous the report of a famine, when such delicious cakes were selling in Paris at two *sous* a-piece. Should a gentleman be mounted indifferently in Leicestershire or the Parks when the London dealers' stables overflow with first-rate hunters and hacks? Would you have your wife appear in an execrable equipage, while the ware-*houses in Long* Acre are crammed with *vis-à-vis*

and chariots that Aurora might be proud of? Will a young fellow with a soul above Snooks be seen in a lubberly pair of trowsers, when that jewel of a Schneiders, *Beaux-culottes*, gives interminable tick? To the dogs with port and punch, here's Moses Money-pounce waiting

to deliver *Chateau Lafitte*, vintage '32, at your door, and bring to terms the most obstinate

of paper. You see in this that which incites you to make the most of opportunity—in the extract from the modern philosopher that which shall enable you not to care a button about the consequences. The man of pleasure may say to himself, "And I too am an Athenian."

Men of fashion are Corinthians. Convertibility is the modern Troy; everything that may be turned to the account of luxury and extravagance is convertibility. So the Corinthians are forever besieging old Priam and his extensive family, which is convertibility—battering away at his sons and daughters, whose titles are cash, consols, exchequer bills, plate, household stuffs, wine, carriages, cavalry, clothes, tobacco—everything that is palpable, down to dust, in its literal meaning, inclusive. Lord Fitzhazard's last discount was done at fifteen *per cent.* money, and the balance in ashes, *direct from* the hands of the parish contractor.

"How will you have it?" asked the clerk in the banking-house, when his lordship presented the cheque for the cash part of the transaction.

"I 'm not hard to please," answered the peer; "in smoke, if it suits you best. I 've taken eighty per cent. of it already in cinders."

Capital punishment is nearly abolished altogether, but people are still transported for robbery within the meaning of the statute—and serve them right who rob in a slovenly unhandsome way. "Do you desire to be a man of substance—have you the ambition to be a *millionaire?*" It is but to determine between them, and the means are at your immediate disposal. Is there not a *Supplement* to the *Times?*

How is your neighbourhood off for pump water? Well-situated in that respect? Then, to every hogshead of the element add one ounce of powder blue—announce your "Balm of Para-

dise," or your "Extract of Elysium," and it only remains with yourself what the amount of your receipts shall be. You can advertise an income of five hundred or five thousand a-year. Rent one side of the *Supplement* aforesaid, and you may leave your son and heir Blenheim, or Trentham, or both.

Did the battle of life lie merely between Greek and Greek, fierce indeed would be the struggle, and uncertain the issue. But its forces are not thus constituted. Those who levy the war—the active troops—the *doers*, are of the Hawk tribe; the passive, or sufferers—in homely phrase, the *done*—are of the Pigeon family. Such, reader, is the natural law, as Ferdinand Count Fathom became convinced after experience—a result you have most probably arrived at long ago. Should you not, the day cannot be very remote in which you are destined to make the discovery. As it is with the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air, the

ommon quarry of mankind is man. The sons nd daughters of pleasure are the golden guised phemera of Pope—the soft and careless race, he spoiled children of fortune, are the doves of he philosophic poet.

"Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with his varied plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?"

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